THE

CHILD'S MAGAZINE,

AND

SUNDAY-SCHOLAR'S COMPANION.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

DELIVERANCE OF A LITTLE CAFFRE CHILD.

Mr. Shepstone, a Missionary in South Africa, gives a fearful account of the

attacks of wolves. He says they enter into the huts of the Caffres by night, and seizing on infants sleeping under their mother's cloak, drag them out to devour them, whilst the mother knows nothing of her loss till awaked by the cries of her child fast held in the jaws of the destroyer.

"To give all the instances I could adduce," says he, "would tire your patience: I will mention two.

"The first is that of Dapa's great grandson, about ten years of age. The wolf had previously seized a younger brother, and torn away a part of his face. Another night he came into the house and took a second, and carried him completely off, of whom nothing more than a small fragment was found. On his third visit he seized the lad first mentioned by the left shoulder. The little fellow, awakened by his grasp, struck him with his hand: the wolf let go his hold, and, grasping him on the opposite side, broke his collar-bone.

The poor boy still fought with his left hand; and the wolf, letting go his hold a second time, seized him by the fleshy part of the thigh, and ran off with his prey; nor was it till he had carried him a quarter of a mile that he could be made to drop him; when, biting away the precious mouthful, he left the little sufferer with his thigh half severed; but happily the bone was not broken. In this state he was brought to us for help, and by daily attention he is perfectly restored.

"The second instance is of a little girl, about eight years of age, who was reclining on the ground in the cool of the day, when four of these monsters rushed upon the place. One of them seized the little creature by the head, a second by the shoulder, and the other two by the thighs. The people of the kraal, with all possible speed, flew to her help, and succeeded in releasing her, but apparently too late. They tried for a few days to help her with their medicines;

but finding all hope fail, and as from the heat and flies she had now become loathsome, they gave her her choice, either to be put to death by the youths of the place, or go to the woods to die, or be farther devoured, as might happen! The little girl chose the woods. In this forlorn condition, she determined to cast herself on the mercy of the Missionaries; and although she had never been on the station, she believed, from what she had heard, that could she but reach the place, she should receive that protection and help which her father had refused to give, and which she had no right anywhere else to expect amongst her own nation. With this resolution she set out; and, although she had to travel several miles, through deep glens, yet she succeeded in reaching the station, an awful picture of deformity and suffering, all but in a state of nudity, covered with large wounds, to the number of fourteen, amongst the most ghastly of which was that of the

head and face, where the wolf, having endeavoured to grasp the whole head, had torn the mouth open to the ear, and stripped the head of the upper part of its covering, and made a ghastly wound of eight inches. Through the mercy of God she is quite recovered, and scarcely at all deformed; but refuses ever to return to those who forced her to the woods to die. I am happy to add, that a few days since, as I was walking a little distance from the house, I heard some one in fervent prayer; and as I could discover it was the voice of a child, I made towards it, and found in a little secluded spot amongst the weeds my little patient, who was earnestly pouring out her soul to the God of her mercies, where she thought no eye saw or ear heard her but God.

"This boldness in the wolf, as also his passing by every other sort of prey for a human body, must, I think, be attributed, in the first place, to the horrible custom of leaving their dead unburied; and, in

the second place, to the frequent wars in this part of Caffraria, by which these monsters have been fed to the full; and the late Chaka scarcely deserves a better appellation than that of caterer to the wolfish tribe. Since his death, these animals, instead of feeding, as in his day, on bodies plentifully provided for them, are (with a few exceptions) obliged to take them while alive."

Wolves are savage beasts, but Heathens are still more cruel than they. This little girl escaped with her life from the wolves; but her own parent, by turning her out when wounded, exposed her to destruction which she could not have escaped. Why did the Missionary show mercy? What made the difference between him and the cruel parent? It was the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. That same grace is as free for the Caffre as for the European; and, by entering his heart, can make him also merciful. O let us pray for the Heathen, and strive to send them the Gospel.

OF NOT SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

"Why did you not buy Mary B—'s honey, mamma?" said Eliza W., as she accompanied her mother in one of her walks through the village: "you know we want some, and Mary seemed very anxious to sell hers."

"She did so," said Mrs. W.; "and, for the sake of her ragged children, I was quite sorry to refuse her, as the ten or twelve shillings which I should have paid her for it might have been in part, or wholly, laid out in purchasing strong clothes for them. But I have a very indifferent opinion of Mary. From a child she has shown a disregard of truth, and this leads her into so many falsehoods and little dishonest ways, that I have no dependance on what she says; and I never like to buy of her, or have any thing to do with her that I can help. Honesty is always the best policy.

'Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.'

"If Mary B. stayed away from school, said her lesson ill, or was reproved for making a noise, or any other fault, she had always an excuse ready; some person or thing was to blame, not herself; nor did she regard whether the excuse were true or false. How much better is it when we commit a fault to confess it frankly, and silently bear the reproof! But a fault often repeated becomes habitual. So Mary B., from being a sly, story-telling child, has now the odious character of a liar, and dishonest person, and loses many friends, as well as opportunities of benefit to herself and her poor children. It is to be feared that her children will follow her evil example, and that she will have their sins as well as her own to answer for. My refusal to buy Mary B.'s honey has led me to point out the bad effects of lying, even in this world; but children should never forget that God has declared, that 'all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'

"God has given a most awful proof of his anger against liars in the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira. Read the account of this in Acts v. 'Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God,' may be said, in some sort, of every untruth. But God sees the heart, and knows our thoughts. A lie may be believed by man, but God cannot be deceived by it.

'Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both;
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod.'"

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EGYPTIAN WHEAT.

In Exod. ix. 31, 32, we find mention of various crops grown in Egypt. Isaiah (xxviii. 25) speaks of several sorts of grain which were sowed by the Jews. We read in Gen. xxvi. 12 how plentiful a harvest Isaac reaped, even a hundred fold what he had sown. In Egypt there is a sort of wheat which bears several ears upon one stalk, as described in Pharaoh's dream, (Gen. xli. 5,).

and which produces very plentifully. See the drawing as above. Some persons have tried to grow it in England, but our climate and soil do not suit it. We are told that three months after sowing the corn, the harvest usually began, and in four months it was at its height. The barley-harvest was the first: (2 Sam. xxi. 9:) it began about the time of the passover, and the wheat

harvest about the time of Pentecost. They used sickles to cut the corn, much as we do now. See Joel iii. 13; Deut. xvi. 9; and several other texts. They bound up the corn in sheaves, (Gen. xxxvii. 7; Deut. xxiv. 19, &c.,) and then piled it into shocks. (Judg. xv. 5.) As corn and other sorts of grain are the produce of the ground, and not made by the contrivance of man, there has been much less alteration in the methods of cultivation than in most other things.

In the second chapter of Ruth, we find a very beautiful and particular account of the way in which the harvest was managed in Judea. There was an overseer set over the reapers; (ver. 5;) and women were employed in the harvest-field, as well as men. (Ver. 8.)

We also find that the refreshment for the reapers in the field was only bread and parched corn, and their drink was water, with vinegar (or a weak sort of wine) mixed with it, which is very refreshing, as Dr. Clarke found when

travelling in those hot countries. At the end of harvest there was great rejoicing and a feast. (Psa. cxxvi. 6; Isa. ix. 3; xvi. 9, 10.) These feasts were usual on other occasions; such as sheep-shearing; (1 Sam. xxv. 36; 2 Sam. xiii. 23;) and, from the account of Nabal's preparations, it is plain that a great quantity of all sorts of provisions was got ready. The corn was carried home, sometimes on men's shoulders, sometimes on the backs of the cattle, and sometimes in a waggon or cart. (Amos ii. 13.) It was then piled up in stacks or barns. (Exod. xxii. 6; Matt. vi. 26.)

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BAD COMPANY.

The very sound of the expression, bad company, is painful to a prudent and pious ear. The soul of a good man trembles at the idea of being the companion of the wicked. And what is the reason? He has many reasons for it. He has reasons which relate to time,

and reasons which relate to eternity. He knows such company to be disgraceful. The wise and good judge of men by their companions; and with them it is always accounted disreputable to be seen in the society of those whose character is stained. Evil company also hinders religious improvement; takes off the heart from God; gradually lessens the fear of sin; imperceptibly draws men into the commission of iniquity; and, in this way, destroys both the usefulness and comfort of life. It has been the ruin of thousands and tens of thousands. By it multitudes have been led on to actions and crimes, at the bare thought of which their souls once shuddered. By means of evil company, they have had their minds filled with fears, and their consciences overwhelmed with horror; and, for one that has escaped by sincere repentance and true faith, there is reason to suspect many have gone down to hell.

If therefore you value your credit

and comfort in life, your peace in death, or your happiness in eternity, shun evil company: and remember, that under the idea of dangerous society, we are to include not only the drunkard, the profane swearer, the unchaste, or the dishonest; but likewise all who do not love God, and obey the gospel of Jesus Christ. Lord, keep me near thyself!—*Gospel Treasury.*

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JUVENILE MAGNANIMITY.

A LAD was recently called before the police court for throwing a stone, which struck a little girl in the eye. The respectability of the parties excited considerable interest, and drew many persons to hear the examination. The boy was bound to appear at the municipal court, and Col. M. was engaged as his counsel. Soon after the examination, another boy, about twelve years of age, called on the counsellor aforesaid, and asked, "Sir, are you engaged to defend ——?" "Yes, I am. Why do you

ask?" To which the little fellow replied, with honesty worthy of his immortal grandfather, "Because, sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission." "Well done. You are a fine boy. What is your name?" "My name is —— ——." "Well," said the counsellor, admiring the noble-heartedness of the lad, "will you tell the county attorney that you committed the act?" "Yes, sir," said he, and immediately went to Colonel Austin's office for that purpose. The friends of the injured girl, on learning these particulars, declined taking any farther steps in the affair.—*Boston Commentator.*

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FRATERNAL LOVE.

What inexpressible delight when brothers and sisters of one family live together in all the harmony of friendship and good esteem, mutually delighted and charmed with each other's presence

and society! Peace dwells in their bosom, and transport beats at their heart. They know how to alleviate each other's troubles and difficulties; they know how to impart and double each other's felicity and pleasure. And if perchance their aged parents live, who have formed them thus to love, whose early care provided for them this high feast of the most delicate sensations,

what increasing raptures do they feel from blessing those parents with this fruit of their care! O ye happy parents, if I could envy any beings upon earth, it is you, who see your youth renewed in good and worthy children flourishing around you; who see those children amply crowning your days and nights of past solicitude not only with the most reverential respect to yourselves, but with what you wish still more, if possible,—with the firmest and most respectful love to each other; who see those children, with all the kindness of that love you sought to inspire, like olive branches, verdant around you, blessed in you, blessed in each other, blessed in themselves; the providence of God smiling upon them, success and honour attending their steps.

EXAMPLES.

The scriptural examples of Joseph and his brethren we think it necessary to point out in Genesis, chapter 43, 44,

45, 46, and 47; and to remark, that this history is not exceeded in interesting passages by any other, sacred or profane.

Cato, when but a boy, being asked whom he loved best, answered, "My brother Cæpas." And so often as the same question was asked, the same reply was given. In proof of his affection, when he grew to manhood, he never went to supper, (says Plutarch,) nor out of his house to the market-place, nor into the fields, without him. And when Cæpas died, Cato mourned exceedingly, and erected a tomb of Thracian marble to his memory, which cost him eight talents.

Scylurus, the Scythian, having fourscore sons, desired nothing so much as to bring them up in the love of each other; and, to show them how invincible such a concord would render them, as he lay on his death-bed he called them around him, and giving to each of them a bundle of javelins, bade them

try if they could break the bundles. The young men having attempted, and declaring it impracticable, Scylurus untied the bundles in their presence, broke the javelins one by one with the greatest ease, and from thence took occasion thus to address his children:—"Behold, my sons, your strength while linked together in the bands of amity. On the contrary, how weak, and what an easy prey you must be, when separated in your interests by discord and sedition!"

The father of that eminent lawyer, Mr. Sergeant Glanville, had a good estate, which he intended to settle on his eldest son; but he proving a vicious young man, and there being no hopes of his recovery, he devolved it upon the Sergeant, who was his second son.—Upon the father's death, the eldest, finding that what he had before considered as the mere threatenings of an angry old man were now but too certain, became melancholy, which by degrees wrought in him so great a change, that

what his father could not prevail in while he lived was now effected by the severity of his last will. His brother, observing this, invited him, together with many of his friends, to a feast; where, after other dishes had been served up, he ordered one, which was covered, to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it. Upon his doing so, the company, no less than himself, were surprised to find it full of writings; and still more when the Sergeant told them "that he was now doing what he was sure his father would have done had he lived to see the happy change which they now all saw in his brother, and therefore he freely restored to him the whole estate."

In the year 1585 the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa, a very rich and flourishing colony of that nation in the East Indies. On board of one of those vessels were no less than 1200 souls; mariners, passengers, priests and friars. The beginning of the voyage

was prosperous; but not many days after, through the perverseness of the pilot, the ship struck on a rock, and instant death began to stare them in the face. In this distress the Captain ordered the pinnace to be launched, into which he tossed a small quantity of biscuit and some boxes of marmalade; he then jumped in himself, with nineteen others, who, with their swords, prevented the coming in of any more, lest the boat should sink. Thus scantily equipped, they put off into the great Indian Ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heavens. At the end of four or five days the Captain died with sickness; and they were obliged, to prevent confusion, to elect one of their company to command them. This person proposed to them to draw lots, and cast every fourth man overboard, their small stock of provision being now so far spent as not to be sufficient, at very short

allowance, to sustain life above three days longer. To this they agreed; so that there were four to die out of their unhappy number,—the Captain, a friar, and a carpenter being exempted by general consent. The lots being cast, three of the first submitted to their fate after they had confessed and received absolution. The fourth victim was a Portuguese gentleman that had a younger brother in the boat, who, seeing him about to be thrown overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and with tears besought him to let him die in his stead; enforcing his arguments by telling him that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him for support; whereas himself was single, and his life of no great importance. He therefore conjured him to suffer him to supply his place, assuring him that he had rather die for him than live without him. The other brother, astonished, and melting

with his generosity, replied, that since the divine providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him; but especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged. The younger, however, persisting in his refusal, would take no denial; but, throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage him. Thus they disputed awhile, the elder bidding him be a father to his children, and recommending his wife and sisters to his protection; but all he could say could not make the youngest desist. This was a scene of tenderness that must fill every human breast with pity. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other, and suffered the gallant youth to supply his stead; who, being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer, soon got to the stern of the pinnace, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand. This being per-

ceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with his sword. The youth dropping into the sea, presently rose again, and regained his hold with his left hand, which received the same fate by a second blow. Thus dismembered of both hands, he made a shift, notwithstanding, to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps, which he held bleeding upwards. This moving spectacle so excited the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, "He is but one man: let us endeavour to save him!" Accordingly he was taken into the boat, where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances would admit. They then continued rowing all night; and the next morning, when the sun rose, (as if God would reward the noble conduct and piety of this young man,) they descried land, which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique in Africa, not far from a Portuguese colony. Thither they all arrived safe, where they

remained until the next ship bound to Lisbon passed by and carried them to Goa.

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DYING TRIUMPHS OF A CHILD.

From the Report of the Rev. Sylvester Scovel, dated Harrison, Hamilton County, Ohio, Aug. 17, 1830:—

One of the lambs of this precious flock has already gone to the arms of the good Shepherd on high. She was a little girl of about fifteen, small, from the early affliction she had suffered, but of adult stature in Christian knowledge and experience. She was one of the earliest after my arrival here that savingly received the Gospel, and became a member of the Harrison church. Like the flower that must be bruised before its fragrance is emitted, she exhibited the sweetest savour of Christ while in affliction, both before and after her self-dedication to God. Through the latter period, however, she

ripened most rapidly for the "garner of God." On being asked, during the evening after her baptism, what kind of a day it had been to her, she said, "O! it has been the best day of my life; it has seemed as if I was almost in heaven." She was now too weak to read with ease, and said, "Do, mother, read for me that chapter where it says so often, "His mercy endureth for ever." In a few days after her admittance into the church, her disease advanced so rapidly as to leave her no hopes of recovery. She was calm, however; her prospects bright, and her faith strong. Her fears of death were removed, and her holy familiarity with heavenly things showed her to be near the eternal enjoyment of them.

Her feet were painful, and on their being bathed, she said, looking at their swollen appearance, "I shall soon walk the streets of the New Jerusalem." On missing her cap from her head, she said to her attendants, "Do not mind my

cap: I shall soon possess a *crown.*" As the closing scene drew near, she called her father, and, throwing her arms around his neck, said, "My dear papa, you have been very kind; I thank you for all your kindness to me. I cannot, but God will, reward you for all your care of me. Now, papa, I am going to heaven; and O! my father, I want you to follow me. You will be kind to comfort and support my mother: O yes, father, I know you will." She then took his hand, and, with an expressive look, said, "Dear father, farewell!"

Her mother, being very ill, was brought to her, at her request; when she embraced her, and said, "Dear mother, I thought we should both go together; but the will of the Lord be done: don't grieve for me; I am happy, and soon shall be more so. Jesus is my Saviour, my joy, and support." She then kissed her, and said, "Dear mother, farewell!"

Her brother and cousin came: she reached out her pale hand to them, and

insisted, with most affectionate earnestness, that they would promise to follow her to heaven. She said, "I am going to Jesus. O quit your wild plays, and follow me! Pray, read the Bible, go to church; and do all those good things the Lord has left us to do." And as though her affectionate vehemence would not let them go, she continued, "O Pray! Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw. O beware of the worm that never dies, and of the fire that shall never be quenched!" Her work seemed now done, and her last change commencing. She accordingly, with great sweetness, repeated,—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She had requested her friend Charlotte to sing her favourite hymn, whenever they saw that she was leaving them. Her extremities grew cold. She in-

quired, "Is this death?" Some one said, "Perhaps it is." She replied calmly, "O, I hope it is!" while all her heart seemed to say, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." A little after, she perceived the crisis, and distinctly said, "Charlotte, my breath is short; I am going." They began, and as well as the scene would permit them, they sung,—

"When I can read my title clear," &c.

But as their trembling voices were repeating,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast,"

she looked a sweet *last farewell* upon each one successively, and then, looking upwards, calmly surrendered her spirit.

So great was her desire to depart and be with Christ, that I preached her funeral sermon, to a numerous and weeping assembly, from the words, "I

am in a strait betwixt two, having a *desire* to depart," &c. Heaven seemed near while we were around the grave of little Rebecca, and I thought, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

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THE REV. JOHN BAILEY.

The Rev. John Bailey, an eminent Minister of the seventeenth century, was, while he was yet a child, made the instrument of his own father's conversion.

His mother was a very pious woman, but his father was a wicked person. The instructions and prayers of his mother were so blessed to little John, that he was converted while very young; and having a remarkable gift in prayer, his mother caused him to pray in the family. His father, over-hearing him engaged in this exercise, was so struck with remorse and shame, at finding his child, then not above eleven or twelve years old, performing that office in his

house which he himself had neglected, that it produced a deep conviction of his wretched state, and proved, under God, the means of his salvation.

POETRY.

EPITAPH ON TWO CHILDREN.

STRANGER, if on this lowly grave
Thine eye in contemplation dwell,
And some memorial thou would'st have,
The story of its dead to tell;

Know that, beneath the mould'ring sod
Two children sleep, to memory dear;
Who, living, lived alike to God,
And, dying, were united here.

And here they sleep till that great day,
When Jesus shall in glory come
To call his banish'd ones away,
And take them to their Father's home.

O stranger, is thy soul prepared
To meet thy God in that great day?
If not, remember thou art spared
To turn, repent, and watch and pray.

H. T.

THE INQUIRY.

"Mother, why do the stars to-night
Shine down so prettily,
Casting abroad their modest light
O'er all the sparkling sea?

"Who made them, mother?—was 't not He
Who built the earth and sky;
Who gives us air to breathe so free,
And souls that never die?"

"'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
And scatter'd them on high;
He holds them that they do not fall,
Deep-rooted in his sky."

"Then, mother, will not this great One
Love children such as me;
And take us, when we die, to dwell
In his eternity?"

"If you are good, He will, my child;
If you delight in prayer,
He 'll take you to his heavenly home,
To reign for ever there."

"Then I will love Him; and each day
I 'll bend my knees in prayer:
He 'll teach a child what words to say,
And then I know he 'll hear."

Portland. D. C. C.

THE OWL.

A bird supposed to be wise in his own conceit—hence, very naturally and properly, taken for a fool.